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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

J. WILLIAM STOKES

APRIL 26—JUNE 14, 1902

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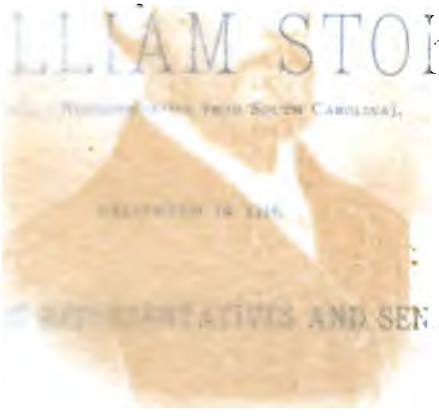
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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

J. WILLIAM STOKES

(LATE A REPRESENTATIVE FROM SOUTH CAROLINA),

DELIVERED IN THE

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FIRST SESSION.

WASHINGTON:
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DEATH OF HON. J. WILLIAM STOKES.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE.

JANUARY 13, 1902.

Mr. LEVER. Mr. Speaker, it becomes my sad duty to announce to this House the death of my distinguished predecessor, Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES, late a Representative of South Carolina from the Seventh Congressional district. His death occurred at his home in Orangeburg, S. C., on the morning of the 6th of July last. Mr. Speaker, in his death this House has lost a valuable and attentive member, his district an able and earnest Representative, and his State a Christian citizen. I offer the following resolutions:

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to his memory the House do now adjourn.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and accordingly (at 4 o'clock and 55 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned.

MARCH 18, 1902.

Mr. LEVER. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that Saturday, April 26, beginning at 1 o'clock p. m., be set aside for eulogies on the Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES, late a member of this House from South Carolina.

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The SPEAKER. The gentleman from South Carolina asks unanimous consent that April 26 next, at 1 o'clock p. m., be set aside for eulogies on the late Representative STOKES, of South Carolina. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none, and it is so ordered.

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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES.

APRIL 26, 1902.

Mr. LEVER. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent to now call up the special order for to-day, being the eulogies upon the late J. WILLIAM STOKES, former Representative from the State of South Carolina.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from South Carolina, by reason of the fact that we are within fifteen minutes of the time set for the special order, asks unanimous consent that the House now proceed to take up the special order, being eulogies upon our late colleague, Mr. STOKES. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

Mr. LEVER. Mr. Speaker, I submit the following resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a distinguished public servant, the House, at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk be instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The question was taken, and the resolutions agreed to.

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ADDRESS OF MR. LEVER, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Mr. SPEAKER: To-day the ordinary functions of the greatest legislative body on earth are suspended in order that members of this House desiring the privilege may each add his sincere tribute to the memory of our departed friend. The right to add a single flower to the chaplet which garlands the brow of goodness and greatness is esteemed a high prerogative.

For the time all else is merged into the desire to do full duty to the dead, and, at the same time, leave to posterity a correct record of the life and character of the subject of our eulogy. The universality and sincerity of our sorrow buries all differences, harmonizes all discords, obliterates all partisan or sectional lines, and each of us is glad to add his testimony of the sterling worth of the great dead.

To me the sorrow is intensified by the deep personal loss I feel. His wise counsel, personal and sympathetic interest in my welfare, and his almost paternal guidance made whatever success I have attained in life a possibility, and the reverence I feel for his memory can not find expression. To me he was the ideal Christian statesman and truth-loving gentleman, and I can pay him no higher eulogy than to recite the unvarnished story of his life—its struggles, its hopes, its triumphs, its virtues.

J. WILLIAM STOKES, the first son of James Stokes, was born near Orangeburg City, S. C., on December 12, 1853.

He came of an ancestry of planters, his immediate progenitor being a successful farmer and mill man. His intense love for farming as an occupation and his interest in the farmer as a class are the intensified and crystallized feelings of his ancestry,

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an exemplification of the predilections of generations of his family. To him the farm was the nursery of greatness and goodness, the farmer the ideal of independence, morality, and civic virtue, most nearly combining in correct proportion the elements entering into the compositions of active Christian citizenship. The philosophy of his public efforts was that the happiness and prosperity of the American farmer meant the contentment and well-being of the American people.

As a boy he was industrious and intelligent in his work, obedient to his parents—doing the odds and ends of farm work with that readiness and system afterwards so characteristic of the man.

In the country and village schools he showed a quick and investigating mind, given more to searching for reasons than to accepting conclusions it did not understand. Mathematics was his favorite study, though he loved the mysteries of logic and reasoned with great clearness and precision. This prejudice in favor of the more strenuous branches marked his entire course in college and university, and showed its full development in the winning of the Taylor scholarship in mathematics, a prize much coveted, both in point of honor and money value, at Washington and Lee University, which institution he entered at the age of 19, graduating therefrom with the honors of his class—a rare distinction.

By earnest application to work, faithfulness to friends and the precepts of right and truth, by his unassuming though dignified deportment, the strength of intellect and character, he won the confidence and esteem alike of his fellow-students and the faculty. He was an enthusiastic college man, filled with the college spirit, and took an active part in its athletics, society, and class work, and in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association and Bible classes. In none of these did he take second place.

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His diploma meant more to him than an evidence of his having completed certain prescribed studies; it meant his victory over almost insurmountable obstacles. The South lay stunned, her future uncertain, her labor demoralized, her governments unstable and unsatisfactory, the life and property of her citizens insecure, and investments apprehensive and development at a standstill. The social and political status of millions of former slaves had been changed; society was in chaos; opulence found itself reduced to poverty; money was scarcely to be had at all, and never except at the most exorbitant rates of interest.

No State suffered more of these horrors than South Carolina, and the devastations overtook all and fell especially heavy upon the father of young STOKES, leaving him entirely unable to aid his son in getting a college training. No young man ever faced a darker future, nor did anyone ever meet it with more self-reliance and Christian fortitude. Possessed of that pluck that snaps its finger at difficulty, he managed to effect a loan, paying 12 per cent interest, and with this borrowed money completed his education, repaying it after his graduation. Thus early the indomitable courage of the man showed itself in the invincible spirit of the boy.

Leaving the university with most convincing testimonials of merit from president and professors, he easily secured the first position he sought—associate principal, afterwards president, of a fine school in Tennessee. During this first work his trials were enough to overcome a less brave man. The president of the school died, leaving unpaid the salaries of all his assistants, Mr. STOKES included. Upon his accession to the principalship of the school he assumed its obligations, giving his individual notes and meeting them as early as possible out of his next year's salary. Without a murmur he bore these strug-

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gles, a most beautiful consideration for the feelings of his loved ones causing him to keep the knowledge of their hardships from his home folk. But they were not without compensation both to him and his fellow-man.

Adversity is not without its blessings. It brings men in close encounter with the rough edges of the world, awakening in them a consciousness of their power, a confidence in their ability to cope with its complex and difficult problems, and emphasizes the most valuable of all lessons to the young man—the lesson of economy. Lord Bacon says:

> Self-reliance and self-denial—
>
> And they are both the legitimate offspring of poverty—
>
> will teach a man to drink out of his own cistern, and eat his own sweet bread, and to learn and labor truly to get his own living, and carefully to expend the good things committed to his trust.

This philosophy was most completely embodied in the life of Congressman STOKES. Early and forced economy gave him a most distinct and sharp idea of value. To him economy in everything was a virtue, though he was by no means parsimonious, being, on the contrary, generous to a fault. To him life was a trust estate, the conditions being that every moment of time should be given in an effort to better the condition of his fellow-man and to add some worthy deed to the sum total of human achievement. To frit the moments away in idleness and vain endeavor was to violate a sacred trust. Work was a duty, a sacred command.

While the number of persons who owe their education to his generosity, largely increased, no doubt, by his own early struggles, can not at this time be accurately determined, it is sufficient to say that all over his own and several other States many "rise up to call him blessed." In his charity he was liberal to the full extent of his ability, adopting a system

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which is now being followed by his devoted widow, by which he was able to discriminate between the worthy and unworthy applicants for his help.

He continued teaching in Tennessee and Mississippi for many years, in the meantime graduating in medicine at Vanderbilt University while teaching near Nashville, and, though hampered by the duties of the schoolroom, taking a beautiful gold medal for a thesis on a given subject over a large number of competitors.

He seemed, however, to have little fancy for the medical profession, practicing it only a short time, the quiet work of the schoolroom being more in keeping with his character and the bent of his mind.

As a teacher he was eminently successful, many of the best equipped and thoroughly disciplined schools of Tennessee and Mississippi standing, even now, as monuments to his ability and systematic organization. His students loved him for his gentle firmness and patient sincerity. His kindly sympathy and his inherent knowledge of the subtle influences entering into and shaping every life touched a responsive chord in the breast of the student body, as a result of which teacher and student worked together in perfect harmony, disciplined by mutual love and sympathy.

Doubtless his experience in organizing, disciplining, and controlling children was of great value to him in the organization of men. The same tact and knowledge of human nature are essential in each instance, for men are but grown-up children plus experience and age.

In 1881, while teaching in Tennessee, he married Miss Ella Landes, of Fayetteville, a most refined and highly educated lady, whose tact, thoughtfulness, and sympathy in his work contributed in no small measure to his ultimate success and universal popularity. In everything she was his helpful

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companion, resourceful, practical, and in thorough accord with the noble purposes of his life. Their mutual devotion was most beautiful and touching, and their married life of twenty years one beautiful dream of happiness, a moon-lit evening on the seashore.

He was preeminently of a religious turn of mind, and in early life connected himself with the Methodist Church, giving to it his most earnest support. He was a Methodist both by choice and heredity, his name being among those of the most influential members of that church in the State. There are not less than a half dozen consecrated men of his name serving the ministry in the Methodist conference of his State at this time. He was more than a mere passive church member; he was an active worker in the cause of the Master, a working Christian. He saw in the church the appointed way to the higher and better ideals taught by holy writ, and neither the glamour of public life nor its burdens caused him to neglect his Sunday school and church work. During all of his life he was one of the strong stakes in the Sunday school, and while in Washington regularly taught a large Bible class.

It was while thus equipped with a strong, Christian character, a classic education, a wide knowledge of human affairs, and a keen and cultivated insight into human nature that his father died, necessitating his return home to take charge of the estate.

This event, sad as it was to him, was the crisis in his political career. The political storm which broke with the fury of a hurricane in 1890, arousing the most intense excitement, was gathering rapidly. At Bennettsville, Captain Tillman, now Senator Tillman, thundered forth the demands of the farmer, and called upon him to assert his rights.

The Farmers' Alliance, which had taken deep root in many of the Western States, was beginning to find favor among

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the farmers of South Carolina, who were chafing under then existing conditions and dissatisfied with the management of State and national affairs. It was at this point that Dr. STOKES became a factor in the great movement that must ever remain one of the most interesting chapters in the history of South Carolina. He saw in the purposes of the Alliance great possibilities for the agricultural interests of the country, and it was but natural that his love for and belief in the rights of the people should find expression in a zealous advocacy of the party which he believed promised the most ultimate good to all the people, and, like most of the great Alliance leaders, gravitated inevitably into what was known as the reform movement.

His comprehensive mind took in the situation in all its aspects. The people were dissatisfied, restless, and demanding a change; but they were in a state of chaos, without organization and systematic leadership. These conditions had to be met, and he set himself at once to the work of organizing the farmers of his county into Alliances, having for their purpose social and industrial improvement. Into this work he entered with all his mind and soul, bringing to it his wide experience in dealing with men and his vast accumulation of economic knowledge.

His enthusiasm was not of the kind born of ulterior motives. He was fighting for principle. In this work he met with remarkable success, and his great ability as an organizer found ready recognition throughout the State. About this time he bought the Cotton Plant, making it the official organ of the Alliance. As its editor he showed his full acquaintance with the great issues then agitating public thought and his intense love for the people. His style was clear, logical, and plain, his statements fair and honest, appealing always to the reason of his readers.

His promotion continued. He was elected State organizer of the Alliance, the most prominent place on the fighting line; and

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later became its president, holding the latter position for several terms. He was the great leader of the Alliance, a fearless and aggressive fighter, a cautious and conservative counselor, armed at all points with facts and authorities and the equal in point of equipment to any foeman or occasion. He applied the cold steel of argument to the position of his adversaries and met their assaults in kind. His prominence drew upon him the full fire of the opposition; but no amount of criticism, sarcasm, or ridicule could diminish his zeal for the cause, or induce him to modify to the extent of a "jot or tittle" the demands of his organization.

He stood steady through it all and directed his forces with a judgment almost unerring. He was calm, calculating, judgmatic—quick to seize a strategic point or profit by a tactical blunder, neither allowing his judgment to become befogged by enthusiasm nor permitting an infatuation with an idea to warp his reason or entrap his conscience. His ultimate and complete leadership in the organization was assured, and from this time on he became the loved oracle of the farmers' organization.

It is not in place at this time to discuss the merits of that controversy nor the fruits of that movement. It is sufficient for the generations who may wish to study his life to "point a moral or adorn a tale" to know that he won the complete confidence and esteem of his followers by a fearless and faithful adherence to his conception of right and merited the respect and admiration of his opponents by the fairness and catholicity characterizing his attitude toward them.

It is a most distinct testimonial of the purity of his character that at this period of extreme bitterness no word was ever uttered in assault upon it, or the integrity of his purposes. His most bitter political enemy conceded his high moral character and patriotic sincerity. His partisanship was so tempered with conservatism and a proper regard for the opinions

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of others that when the smoke of that bitter conflict had cleared away there was no one unwilling to testify to his ability, fairness, and manly conduct.

He was elected to the State senate in 1890, after a thorough canvass of his county, defeating one of its most brilliant and honored sons. In the senate he was generally recognized as a strong, thoughtful, and conservative man, possessing well-defined convictions on public questions and in most thorough accord with the dominant thought of the State. His eminent services in the senate made him the logical candidate of the farmers for the Democratic nomination for Congress in 1892.

He was opposed by Hon. W. H. Brawley, at present a district judge, and was declared defeated by a small majority. In this campaign his great powers as a debater first showed themselves to advantage. His opponent was a past master in the art of disputation, eloquent, resourceful, and adroit, while he was untried and untrained. But when the clash came, before great popular audiences, where the pulse beat is high and true, the great ability and tremendous earnestness of the farmers' champion supplied his lack of prior training, and he proved himself the full equal of his opponent in every respect.

Congressman Brawley, having been appointed district judge by President Cleveland, resigned his seat.

Undaunted by defeat, confident of the correctness of his conclusions and of their ultimate triumph, loved as he was by his followers, he again became their standard bearer for the unexpired term, and was again defeated for the nomination, by a decreased majority, by Judge James F. Izlar, an able jurist, an impelling orator, and a most popular man with the masses.

These reverses did not diminish his optimism nor lessen his faith in the final success of the principles he advocated; and

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though thus defeated, his ability and sincerity had so impressed the leadership of the State that the State convention of 1892 elected him a delegate at large to the national Democratic convention, and the same year he was an elector on the Democratic ticket.

In 1894 he received the Democratic nomination for Congress without opposition, being opposed in the general election by T. B. Johnson, a white Republican, who, failing of a majority in the election, appealed his case to the House of Representatives, which, in the final determination of the issue, declared the seat vacant. In 1896 he was again awarded the certificate of election for both the unexpired term of the Fifty-fourth Congress and the full term of the Fifty-fifth, and again Mr. Johnson contested his seat, though the case abated upon the death of the contestant.

He was a member of the constitutional convention in 1895, and was one of the leaders of that body, contributing largely to the high character of its debates and serving with distinction on its most important committees. Feeling the immense responsibility of this position and the necessary permanency of the work, he spared neither mental nor physical effort to inform himself to the end that he might act wisely and for the best interests of the State.

He was elected to the Fifty-sixth Congress without opposition, though his nomination by his party was contested by Hon. Thomas F. Brantley. He received the unanimous nomination of his party in 1900—the most convincing testimonial of his good service and the confidence of his people—and in the general election had only a farcical opposition, which met little encouragement from the more respectable element of the Republican party in the district.

As a Congressman he gave his entire time to his duties.

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Regular in attendance upon the sessions of his committees and the House; attentive to the work of the departments; prompt in answering the demands, however trivial, of his constituents, however humble; alert to the needs of his district, he was at the same time a close student of economic conditions, an original thinker, and an honest and elaborate investigator, in full sympathy with the conservative ideas of the age and intensely devoted to the cause of the people.

His intimate and accurate knowledge of the needs of his people convinced him that he could serve them in no more practical and material way than by giving better mail facilities to rural communities, and he resurrected the idea of rural free delivery. The system had been getting a desultory support from several preceding Congresses, but was languishing for lack of earnest and aggressive sympathizers. In a carefully prepared and exhaustive speech he called attention to the needs of the farmer in this respect, and pointed out the great and beneficent possibility of a perfected system of rural free delivery.

The effect is known and appreciated by the 10,000,000 farmers daily served by the system. It is his greatest work, his most lasting triumph, his best legacy to the generations that must ever and ever receive its increasing and multiplied benefits. This, together with his authorship of the idea of free delivery on star routes, and his fight against gambling in cotton futures, gave him a reputation unbounded by district and State lines, and it even went beyond the seas.

He was intensely patriotic in his work, his vote at all times representing the concurrence of his reason and conscience. No command of partisanship could ever drive him into committing the national conscience to an ethical wrong.

He was greatly loved by the membership of the House for his purity of character and faithfulness to every obligation,

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and the spontaneous and sincere expressions of regret for his taking off were eloquent tributes to his worth.

He was neither a genius nor an orator in the ordinary acceptation of those terms. He was a powerful and effective debater, a strong controversialist, quick to detect a weak point in a line of defense, and as alert to marshal his forces against it, though he lacked the rich imagination, the nervous energy, the command of soul-stirring language, and the personal presence which give the orator the power to touch the hidden chords of the emotions and for the moment still the voice of reason.

His intellect was of the steady, substantial kind, without the meteoric brilliancy which enchains the emotions momentarily and then goes out in darkness. He was a most able man, both by natural endowment and judicious training, conservative in his opinion, safe in his judgment, and content to take a practical and human view of things. In his extraordinary capacity for work he was most undoubtedly a genius. His well-stored, well-poised mind was the effect of his zeal and perseverance in equipping, cultivating, enriching, and expanding it. He made the very best use of his natural endowments, and this constituted whatever genius he possessed; and it is this kind of genius that is in the reach of everyone who will pay its price—conscientious, honest labor.

He was a good man, an accommodating neighbor, a devoted son, a tender husband, and thoughtful friend and Christian citizen, and an able statesman, whose influence upon every community in which he lived was most salutary. To touch the circle of his influence was to have the soul raised heavenward. He bound his friends to him with hooks of steel, and their loyalty to him alive and to his memory dead is the highest tribute to his unselfish and generous character. The Golden Rule was his rule of conduct toward his fellow-man.

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To the young man struggling against the tide, baffled, discouraged, and despairing, his life is a hope, an inspiration, and an exemplification of the maxim, "The gods sell everything for labor." Preferments came to him as victories; fortune never smiled upon him. Each higher position in the public esteem was but a natural evolution, a just recognition of his faithfulness and ability in the discharge of less responsible duties. He literally won success.

> 'Tis not in mortals to command success,
> But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it.

His death was pathetically sad, coming at a time when he had reached the prime development of mental and moral manhood, the full embodiment of civic virtue and Christian character. The difficulties of young manhood had ceased to be an unpleasant memory in the grand triumphs and honors of full maturity; partisan and factional bitterness had yielded to the nobler feeling of reconciliation, and he had found solid lodgment in the affections of all his people, being stronger in their love at the time of his death than at any time during his career.

The full stature of the man was beginning to break upon the people of his State, and the fondest dream of his ambition—the honor of representing his great State in the Senate of the United States—in all probability would have found an early realization in the expressed will of his people. But how uncertain are human calculations.

For several years prior to his death his health had been failing, and for months immediately preceding it he was confined to his room, where tender and intelligent care did all in its power for him. He continued to sink, despite the efforts of the best physicians in the State. The worry, confinement, and constant mental and physical strain incident to public life had made

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irreparable inroads upon his constitution and it was too weak to withstand the assaults of disease.

He had literally worn himself out in the service of his people, and on July 6, 1901, at 5 o'clock in the morning, the hour when darkness salutes the dawn and bids her welcome to her place, death came. With a calmness and serenity born of Christian fortitude and hope and faith he faced the ordeal of his dissolution, and even in this dread hour the old familiar smile, so dear to those who knew him, rested on his face, giving an assurance that the bright star of earthly existence had only sunk into the more brilliant dawn of a new and better life.

It is a sweet thought—the thought of immortality—the belief that death is only the beginning of a brighter and more joyous life, the faith in the promise that those who keep His commandments shall meet again in the "house of many mansions." Such a kind philosophy dispels the gloom of the grave and brings a solace and an assurance to the broken-hearted and disconsolate.

A great statesman has gone, and his greatest monument will be the heritage he has left posterity in the example of a faithful, Christian life.

As said he in eulogizing the late Senator Earle, so can I with equal appropriateness say of him:

> If I were to attempt to sum up in one term the quality which lay at the foundation of his character, I could find no fitter term than the single word "faithful"—faithful to social obligations, to political obligations, to public obligations, to private obligations, to family obligations, and, back of all, faithful to his obligations to his God.

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ADDRESS OF MR. HAY, OF VIRGINIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: Friendships made during a service in this House are often very close, and the ties here contracted last for years, but the dearest friendships are those made in college. There we come to know intimately all the good and all the bad about our fellows, and when once we learn to love and honor a college mate no time nor distance can efface the impressions then formed. I knew Mr. STOKES at Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., and was closely associated with him while there. We roomed in the same house, were coeditors of the college magazine, and were thrown constantly together. I learned to admire, honor, and love him in those days. He was gentle, yet firm. His was a character which commanded the respect of all with whom he came in contact. He had the undivided confidence of faculty and students, and was one of the most popular students in college.

He took a high stand as a student, and left college with the high regard of all. While I, at times, heard of him and from him, I did not see him again until I met him in the extra session of the Fifty-fifth Congress. It was a delight to find him the same in character and in standing here as he had been at college—conscientious, hard working. Representing with fidelity his constituents, having the confidence of his associates on this floor, and playing his part here with distinguished merit, he had the profound regard of all the members of this House.

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His death was most untimely. In the flower of his age, at the height of his usefulness, in the fullness of experience, he was taken from that sphere of action in which he was displaying the sound common sense, the graceful tact, which were his characteristics. We can but deplore his taking off and mingle our tears with those of his people, who honored him and whom he honored.

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ADDRESS OF MR. DE ARMOND, OF MISSOURI.

Mr. SPEAKER: The proud State of South Carolina has furnished to the country many distinguished men and made a great deal of history. Among those whom she sent to public life perhaps no one deserves to stand higher as a modest gentleman and faithful representative than our departed friend, to whose memory we pay tribute to-day.

It is common in eulogies to exaggerate; indeed, it is common to deny to people while living credit for the good qualities which they possess, and common after they have departed from life to attribute to them good qualities which they did not possess. Thus we often do injustice to the living and do more than justice to the memory of the dead, withhold the kindly word and generous commendation when they might be of value, and spout fulsome praise when praise is useless.

What has been said to-day, touchingly and appropriately, by the young member from South Carolina [Mr. Lever] who succeeded our departed friend has also been said truthfully, and therefore it is really a fitting tribute, full and just, to the good man who has gone hence. Dr. STOKES possessed in a marked degree the amiable and excellent qualities of manhood. He was modest and firm; he was true and faithful. It has been said of him very justly that in this House he had not a foe and that every man who knew him was his friend. He gave offense to no one, he did wrong to no one, he spoke harshly of no one, he felt ill toward no one. He was singularly free from malevolence and envy and jealousy and all disposition to harm any of

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God's creation. He possessed in a notable degree, upon the contrary, the inclination to help, to treat kindly, to advance, to build up.

I did not know Dr. STOKES until he came to this body as a member of it. I saw all sides of him and learned to know a good deal of his character during the time when the contest over his seat was pending in this House. No one who has not had the experience of a contest can fully understand or properly appreciate what care and anxiety and vexation it may bring. The mere observer can only judge of it partially and imperfectly. When the contest is on, when bitterness frequently is aroused, when often unfair things are attempted and unkind things are frequently said, it is not remarkable to find one engaged in such a contest giving the rein to his malevolent feelings, if he have any, and suppressing his kindly and more generous sentiments. As a member of the committee which considered and reported upon the election contest of Johnston against Stokes I was most favorably impressed, as I think every member of the committee was, by the honorable bearing of Dr. STOKES.

Not a solitary thing, in private conversation or publicly, in committee or in the House, ever escaped his lips calculated to show the least feeling against the contestant or the least desire for anything but a fair consideration of his case. He was calm, good-humored and fair, generous and kindly, through it all. He had no doubt about the fact of his election, and he had a confidence that fair play would be done him in the House. When the decision was finally reached, which denied to the contestant the seat and, removing the contestee from it, vacated the seat, he left for his South Carolina home without exhibiting any evidence of the least bitterness or disappointment, and, I am sure, without an unkind feeling toward anybody in the

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House, anybody in his own State, or anybody in the wide world.

Dr. STOKES was a singularly modest and diffident man, wonderfully considerate of the feelings and the rights of all others; one who would rather suffer the deprivation of some of his own rights and privileges than, by any chance or any accident, trench upon those of others. He passed in and out of the House pursuing his duties quietly, unostentatiously, and faithfully.

South Carolina may have had—doubtless has had—more brilliant Representatives, but she never had a more faithful one or one better disposed to the performance of every duty. She has sent to this body and into public life many men of high qualities and chivalrous bearing, but never, I think, did she have in public life a man more faithful to her interests, more blameless throughout his whole public and private life, than the man to whose memory we pay tribute to-day.

A good man has gone; a faithful servant has been removed from a service valuable to his constituents. He has left a good record at home, a good record here, and I verily believe that every man, woman, and child who knew him remembers him kindly. I am sure that not one with whom he came in contact has a bitter, revengeful, or unkind feeling toward him. He earned a good name and left it a legacy.

Passing through life thus kind and gentle, doing good upon every occasion and according to the full measure of every opportunity, doing harm to none and wishing harm to none, and finally, full of honor, crowned with the glory of a well-spent and useful life, passing, when the sun was at meridian, to the great life beyond, few have left and few can leave, according to their opportunities in the spheres in which they move, a better record—one which can be looked upon with more pride and more pleasure by friend and fellow-citizen, by

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relatives and by those unrelated—than that of the gentleman who lately represented a district of the old Palmetto State that gave him birth, honored him, and was served by him and finally laid his mortal remains away in historic soil, enriched by the ashes of the immortal dead.

I am glad on this occasion to pay my tribute to the worth of the modest gentleman, faithful Representative, kind friend of gentle ways and blameless life, our friend, J. WILLIAM STOKES.

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ADDRESS OF MR. JENKINS, OF WISCONSIN.

Mr. SPEAKER: I should not feel as though I was properly discharging my duty if I allowed this opportunity to pass without adding my tribute to the life and memory of the Hon. J. W. STOKES.

It was my pleasure and good fortune to meet him at the opening of the Fifty-fourth Congress, and I had every opportunity to familiarize myself with every phase of his nature.

His right to his seat was contested, and the case came before a committee of which I was a member. This relationship brought me in close contact with him. The hearing was of great interest to him. He was not only personally interested, but he felt a deep interest in the result as affecting the State which he in part so honorably and ably represented.

To his credit it can be said that he simply relied upon the law and the fact to entitle him to succeed, and he scorned any attempt to have influence exerted in his behalf, at the same time fully appreciating the earnestness and kindness of his many friends.

In the discharge of my duty I was compelled to ask him a great many questions, to more fully develop his case. His answers were always prompt, candid, and full, without regard as to how they affected him. While opposed to me in politics, I appreciated the care with which he investigated all public questions, and he tried to and did represent his people, his State, and his country, in a strong, able, and dignified manner.

He was rapidly developing as a close student and an able

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and just legislator. His utterances were always manly, pure, and elevating, showing the nobleness of genuine Christian character.

I was greatly pained and surprised to learn of his sudden and untimely death.

In mid-life, a man of splendid habits, I thought he had a great future before him, and did not realize that grim-visaged death was hovering so near to summon him to eternal life.

Mr. STOKES came from a section of the country that needed just such characters in public life as he was. His broad, manly way in treating public questions, and greeting those he came in contact with so cordially and so pleasantly, naturally made him loved and respected by all who knew him, and did much for the State which he in part represented.

Knowing him as I did, I know that he lived a good life. Appreciating his manliness, I know that the country met with a great loss in his death. His manner was so quiet, personally unobtrusive, thoughtful and reflective in his nature, that he endeared himself to all who had associations with him, and it is perfectly proper that we pause in the discharge of public business to fitly honor his memory by paying the last tribute of respect to the honored and lamented dead.

Verily, a good and patriotic man has fallen!

> His life was gentle; and the elements
> So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
> And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

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ADDRESS OF MR. WILLIAMS, OF MISSISSIPPI.

Mr. SPEAKER: Philosophy has been defined to be "the contemplation of death." Whether this be true or not it is certain that all of man's philosophizing about other things sinks into insignificance in the contemplation of the dread incomprehensibility.

To what an exact equality of nothingness, when viewed from an earthly standpoint, does it bring us all—rich and poor, wise and foolish, great and obscure, studious and idle, virtuous and vicious, king and lackey, emperor and bootblack! At the end the ants have swarmed and fought, worked hard to store up for a winter's day, begotten their kind, died, and given way to other ants.

The flies on the spokes of the wheel of the universe have gone round with the wheel, fondly imagining that they had something to do with its evolutions, have some day unexpectedly dropped off, and other flies have settled there. If it were all of life to live and all of death to die, if the race only were immoral and the individual sank, body and mind, into the hideous rottenness of death, who could find a rational cause to prefer one course of life to another, except only to prefer pleasure to pain, ease to labor, soft places to hardships?

"Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow you die," would be the only philosophy taught by "the contemplation of death," except, perhaps, this: When life becomes misery, seek the "quietus" of "a bare bodkin," congratulating beforehand the lesser worms upon the feast you are preparing for them.

The very fact that mankind does not act and has never acted on that theory is proof that they do not believe, have never

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believed, and will never believe that the body is the man, the tenement the tenant, or the destruction of the tenement the annihilation of the tenant—in a word, that body-death stops soul-growth. "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will."

There can, of course, be no physical proof of a spiritual fact, and yet the spiritual instinct of mankind has led them "at all times and in all places" to the great central truth on which depends even earthly progress, development, virtue, civilization—the only possible "working hypothesis" of life, viz, that the real man, the breath of the Infinite within the tenement of clay, can not die. Revelation only confirmed it, making a live faith of that which was a philosophic as well as an instinctive belief. It is this faith which keeps hope in the human breast, and with hope the work-motive.

No man in Congress known to me ever lived a life or possessed a character more entirely molded in the mold of that faith than WILLIAM STOKES, of South Carolina. I served with him in the Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth and Fifty-sixth Congresses. We were not only fellow-members, but fellow-committeemen. It is upon committees that Representatives learn best to know one another. No duty was so small as to miss his attention; none so difficult as to make him shirk it. Sweet tempered and patient in public life, he was affectionate, loving, and temperate in private life, deserving, and to an unusual degree possessing, the love of his family and his friends.

He made no boast of it and never any ostentatious show of it, and yet he was, as a matter of fact, one of the best educated and most broadly informed men in the House. He was, more than that, deeply cultured in the highest sense. His mind had dwelt much upon the humanitarianism of the Here and the eternal verities of the Hereafter. The broad world-love of

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Jesus of Nazareth had sunk deep into his heart and found there an abiding place and a home. Mind culture had broadened and deepened into soul culture. I will not say "May his soul rest in peace," because he himself did not believe that rest was the *summum bonum* of man's existence or the goal of his destiny.

I would rather say: May his soul continue to grow in power throughout all the ages of the "other time."

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ADDRESS OF MR. ELLIOTT, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Mr. SPEAKER: When, during the last session of Congress, we learned that Dr. STOKES had left his post of duty to go home on account of the state of his health, it never occurred to me for a moment that he was in any real danger. And I had this feeling because he was so self-contained, so thoughtful, so resourceful, so wise in the solution of every problem that confronted him, and so prompt and efficient in the doing of that which his judgment dictated that it did not occur to me that he would fail to overcome this danger as he had all difficulties that had confronted him. During my term of service here with Dr. STOKES, extending over several terms, I had learned by the closest and most familiar contact that he possessed all these admirable qualities—qualities that might well justify him in feeling that for him there was no such word as fail.

I did not know Dr. STOKES until it was my good fortune to meet him here as an associate in this body. There were two prominent circumstances that tended to bring us together from the outset. One was that he then represented in great part that splendid constituency of the Seventh district which had supported me so bravely in many a hard-fought battle. We had both been greatly honored by the same people; we had both learned in the hard field of experience how to value their steadfastness, their integrity, and, more than all, their quiet but firm determination to maintain at every sacrifice the predominance of decent government.

Nothing was more natural than that we should be drawn together by such ties, and I know that our friendship derived

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strength from the character of the people through whom we were bound together. This was one of the circumstances that first made us friends, and a most pleasant one it was. The other was of a different character, one that might well be called the horror of Congressional life. We were both involved in the disaster of having to maintain and defend in this forum our right to the seats to which our constituents had elected us. I would not refer to such a matter on this solemn occasion were it not that our common misfortune, which entailed upon us an endless amount of work and worry, made conspicuous the admirable traits of Dr. STOKES'S character and first made me value him at his true worth and have absolute reliance upon him.

From this time on until the end we were firm friends, and our intercourse was of the most delightful character. And the more I knew of him the more I liked and admired him. For he was one of those men who, from their quiet and unpretentious demeanor, must be well known to be appreciated. He was absolutely without guile or pretense; he was as true as steel; he was faithful to every trust; he was diligent; he was sound in judgment and prompt in execution; he was untiring in work; he was courteous to everyone, but firm as a rock in the performance of what he believed to be his duty. He never faltered, but kept on in the even tenor of his way until the thing he had to do was done.

As I have already said, I learned never to associate failure with our dead colleague. This was because he was a thorough believer in hard, systematic work and had a wholesale contempt for mere show and promise of performance. To this was due the strong hold he had on his people, a hold that grew stronger with each year of his service, until at the time of his untimely taking off he had practically the unanimous support of his district. And he deserved all this, Mr. Speaker, because we who were familiar with his daily life here well know that there

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never was a more faithful Representative than he, and that his constant thought was what more he could do for the people who had honored him.

As in his Congressional career, so it was in his previous life—all that Dr. STOKES accomplished was by hard, untiring work. Born in Orangeburg County, S. C., in 1853, he was brought up to farm life, meanwhile attending the county schools until his entrance into Washington and Lee University, from which he graduated in 1876 with high honors. In order to pay off the debt contracted in procuring an education he taught school a number of years in Tennessee and Mississippi, and while so engaged in Tennessee utilized his spare time in studying medicine at Vanderbilt University.

Notwithstanding this drawback, Dr. STOKES graduated at the head of his class, and bore off from many competitors the prize for the best essay. In 1889 he returned to South Carolina and to farm life, and was prominent in organizing the Farmers' Alliance of the State, of which he was president for two terms. He became State senator in 1890; was one of the delegates at large to the Democratic convention at Chicago in 1892; a Presidential elector on the Democratic ticket in the same year, and a member of the constitutional convention of 1895. He was still further honored by his people by being elected to the Fifty-fourth, Fifty-fifth, Fifty-sixth, and Fifty-seventh Congresses. Those of us who did not know him until we served with him here could easily understand that his previous successful career, his promotion from one high trust to another, were due to his untiring, unostentatious, and faithful work.

To quote from one who knew him well:

> There is another side of Dr. STOKES'S life that is not generally known, which accounts for the strong hold he had on the affections of the people. Having no children of his own to care for and educate, it was his delight

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to assist others. There is many a young man to-day pursuing his college course who will miss the assistance of Dr. STOKES. There are many young men at home and abroad who owe their education to the kind-heartedness of Dr. STOKES. Of this the public knew little, only those interested in each particular case knowing the facts.

While in Tennessee Dr. STOKES married Miss Ella S. Landess, of Fayetteville, Tenn., a woman universally beloved for her charming personality and most admirable character. Their married life was an unbroken chain of complete happiness riveted together by mutual love and esteem. From what I know of his true and faithful heart I do not doubt that the presence and tender ministrations of his devoted wife in his last hours robbed death of its sting.

I can not obtrude upon what we all know to be a life sorrow. Mr. Speaker, I esteemed it a mournful privilege to be able to attest by my presence at the last solemn rites my admiration of his character and my affection for him as a friend. The vast throng there assembled, the evidence of sorrow depicted on every countenance, the solemn and impressive services of the church of which he had been for many years a devoted and consistent member, all testified to the esteem in which our dead colleague was held at his home. And when we had given his body to its last resting place we knew that we had consigned to the keeping of the soil he loved so well all that was mortal of an earnest Christian, a devoted husband, a loving son and brother, a true and faithful friend, and an upright, honorable, and zealous public servant.

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ADDRESS OF MR. WADSWORTH, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. SPEAKER: It was my pleasure to serve on the Committee on Agriculture with Mr. J. WILLIAM STOKES during the entire period of his membership in the House of Representatives. His appointment to the committee was a timely, fit selection. Mr. STOKES was brought up on a farm, and his knowledge of agricultural conditions, especially in the Southern States, qualified him perfectly for service on the committee which has all to do with the Federal connection with agricultural affairs. He had a farm boy's love for country and a farmer's perception of the needs of the calling. He was a close student of the agricultural conditions of the country, not confining himself to the section in which he resided, but showing equal interest in the North and West.

No member of the committee was more attentive and earnest in his duties. He was a constant and regular attendant at all of the sessions and showed a keen, intelligent interest in every subject brought up for discussion. As to his personality, Mr. STOKES was a gentle, lovable gentleman, who made for himself a very warm place in the hearts of all those who came in daily contact with him. Those of us who were fortunate enough to have close association with him in the preliminary work performed in the committee were, perhaps, better qualified to judge of the character of Mr. STOKES than others who simply saw him on the floor of the House. He was not a man who was self-assertive, but was of such disposition that he seemed to try at all times to smooth the pathway of others rather than to put himself forward. Industrious and painstaking in all that he did, his gentleness of character endeared him to all.

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The death of such a man in the prime of his life may not cause great comment in the nation generally. It is likely that the history of his State will be written with but a brief allusion to the services for his constituents and his country, but the departure from this world of such a character leaves a pang in the hearts of those who knew him intimately which is not felt when a man of more prominence and fewer lovable traits is called away. I think I am voicing the sentiments of my colleagues on the Committee on Agriculture when I say that this man has been greatly missed by all of his committee associates. There are moments when legislative duties are forgotten; and when we think of those who have joined with us in the past in our deliberations it is then that we glance toward the seat which he occupied and feel with keen regret that a kindly, loving friend has been taken from us and that we never again shall have the counsel and advice of him who has been summoned back to his Maker.

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ADDRESS OF MR. SCARBOROUGH, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Mr. SPEAKER: It is eminently proper that we pause amid the busy activities of life and drop a tear of regret on the grave of a dead comrade. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and I apprehend that no one is so callous as to feel no pang when a fellow-man yields up his life to the grim destroyer. The universality of death does not lessen its terrors. It is one great fact in every life which comes without our volition, and despite our most earnest protest and care. "The living know that they shall die" is the voice of revelation which sings in mournful cadence in every ear.

Death makes no invidious distinctions. The smiling infant, the sturdy youth, sweet-faced maiden, and aged, care-worn man are alike its victims. It visits alike the disease-stricken beggar on his pallet of straw and the wealthy prince upon his bed of down. Rich and poor, humble and great, young and old, all must die. "The rag of wretchedness and the purple robe of power find a common level in the democracy of death." The child just budding into conscious existence turns from its play and seeks safety in its mother's lap when it hears this awful subject discussed or when it looks on the face of a dead playmate. Young men and maidens become pensive and quiet when death steals into a community and touches a friend or companion. The man of business starts when he learns that an acquaintance has been torn from family and friends and carried to that bourne whence no traveler returns. The certainty of this dread visitation is the bitter in every cup of happiness, the skeleton at every feast. And the unuttered

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question of every palpitating heart as it looks upon the face of the dead is, "Who next?"

Nearly one year ago Dr. J. WILLIAM STOKES, an honored member of this body, was called to meet this king of terrors. He met him like a warrior faces his foe—grandly, bravely—but a new-made grave in Sunnyside Cemetery, in his much-loved Carolina, is a sad memorial of the unequal contest.

As a member of the South Carolina delegation, I desire to join my colleagues in paying tribute to one whom the people of my State knew, trusted, and honored, and who died holding a commission from them under which he sat in the Council Chamber of the nation.

Dr. STOKES needs no eulogy from me. He established his reputation at home by devotion to duty as he saw it, and achieved an enviable distinction here by close attention to affairs of state. No work belonging to the duties of his office was too insignificant to receive his attention, none so great as to deter him from attempting its discharge.

I had not the honor of an intimate personal acquaintance with Dr. STOKES, and hence I shall speak of him as a public character and from what I have learned of him as one of the leading men of our State.

He was identified with the people—the great body of the people—drew his inspiration from them, was their champion at home as well as in this Hall, and while serving them in the capacity of a Representative in Congress he was true to the trust committed to his hands. He passed unscathed through the troublous times of political revolution in our State and presented to the public a character so pure that no critic could find a blemish upon his escutcheon, a purpose so noble that no opponent could successfully gainsay it, a devotion to his party and friends so loyal that he will live

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in the history of the State as one who merited all the honors which he received.

Others, however, who knew him well, have spoken of his virtues and pointed out the traits of character which made him great; for, indeed, any man is great who, like him, lives in the hearts of his countrymen.

A few days ago I was shown a letter of condolence written by a friend to the wife of the dead statesman. One passage is so pregnant of meaning, and so fully describes the perfection of his manhood, that I will read it. The writer said:

> In a State which has produced so many good men, I know of none who had higher ideals of life and duty or who was more thoroughly conscientious in the performance of his duties as a citizen, his obligations as a Christian, his pledges as a gentleman, his offices as a friend, and his life as a man.

But there is one feature of his make-up particularly worthy of note, and that is his lofty Christian character. It is too often the case that political honors and worldly prosperity wean men away from the Christian life and make them forget that religion should be their chief concern. Not so with Dr. STOKES. Neither the heat of political controversy nor the applause of the multitude could disturb his trust in God or separate him from the deep and rich experiences of a consecrated life. The allurements of fortune, the seductive influences of high political position, were insufficient to turn him from the King's highway. He overcame self, walked through life with the tread of a conqueror, and kept his face turned to the heavenly hills as truly as the needle points to the pole. A life like his is an inspiration and his triumphal death a benediction.

Near the banks of the historic Edisto, the scene of strife and carnage in Revolutionary days, sleeps this truly noble man. Neither the criticisms of enemies nor the plaudits of friends

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reach his ears. Like a tired child he lies in the bosom of mother earth, and after life's fitful fever is over he sleeps well.

Not far from his resting place, in the beautiful home he builded, there sits a sad-faced woman whom he called wife. Almost a year has passed since death robbed her of her loving husband and protector. The frosts of winter nipped the flowers planted on the grave of her gallant knight, who loved her with all the ardor of his nature. Returning spring has recalled these love offerings into life, and still she keeps her holy vigil and longs for—

The touch of a vanished hand,
The sound of a voice that's still.

Her inconsolable grief is the most eloquent tribute to his worth, and her bitter tears the most touching memorial of his life. The State mourns him, and friends and neighbors claim the right to share in the grief of the heartbroken wife.

He lies within the light of God,
Not a shadow on his breast;
Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest.

Young in years, full of purpose and energy, it seems almost cruel that he should have been called from his half-finished task. The summons came at midday, but it found him ready. He had secured his passport, and without a murmur he stepped into what we call the gloom and the shadow of the tomb. But no wonder that he quailed not when he stood at the grim portals of death. Years before, when life was full of hope and promise, he had found the Holy Grail. He had been in the Valley of Silence of which Father Ryan sang.

He toiled on heart-tired of the human,
And moaned amid the mazes of men,
Till he knelt long ago at an altar
And heard a voice call him. Since then
He walked down the Valley of Silence
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

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Faithfulness to every trust was the ruling principle of his life. Knightly as the ideal gentleman of old to the woman he called by the sacred name of wife; loyal to his party and friends; true to himself, his country, and his God, he fell asleep so gently that no trace of suffering rested on his manly brow, and "he died with a smile on his face as though an angel had kissed him."

After all, the best of him remains—the record of a good name and his lofty Christian integrity. He had fed his soul on the bread of life and quenched his thirst in the living waters. No doubts or fears disturbed his regal spirit or shook his mighty faith. His stalwart mind caviled not at the so-called conflicts of religion and science. To him one was the complement of the other. He read on the pages of each the history of his race from creation's dawn to life's fitful close. Grand philosophy, beautiful faith! Each of these twin sisters follow us through all the labyrinthine way. Science stops pensive and sad at the tomb, drops a tear of regret on the sleeping dust of humanity, and writes an interrogation point for its epitaph. Religion takes up afresh the story of life and destiny and points to home and rest beyond the stars, that move in stately courses across the empyrean blue.

Full of such knowledge and inspired by such faith, the lamented statesman went out with the tide, well knowing that he would

> Meet his Pilot face to face
> When he had crossed the bar

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ADDRESS OF MR. GILBERT, OF KENTUCKY.

Mr. SPEAKER: We are called upon again to contemplate the saddest, the strangest, and most inscrutable event in all of this riddle of human life—death. It would seem that so many myriads of the living have ceased to move among us that the few survivors would become accustomed to the inevitable and look upon this cessation of life as the natural, normal, and therefore the most uninteresting of all the incidents of our existence; but it is not so, and we can not be made familiar with this dread destroyer. Death, on the contrary, is always new, and always startling, and always awful.

Into every grave we gaze with new astonishment and over the lifeless form of every friend we stand in silence and amazement. We ask the same old question to ourselves which Job propounded in the morning of history: "If a man die, shall he live again?" And no sufficient answer has ever yet been given to this greatest of all questions. To this question our experience and observation answer, "No." Science and philosophy say "they do not know;" but faith and religion, supported by the universal sentiment of mankind, answer, "Yes." But whatever the answer may be, death still remains, sad and inscrutable. It is sad when gray hairs and tottering limbs warn us of its approach; it is sad when physical suffering and mental decay make us welcome its embrace; but it is sadder still, and saddest of all, when we see a young man suddenly snatched away in the prime and vigor of his young manhood, leaving behind him a young and devoted wife, and leaving unfinished so much of good that he might have accomplished and so much which, it seems to us, he ought to have been permitted to accomplish. But at the grave our experience and observation count for but little. We bury there our science and our philosophy, and we turn away, seeing more

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clearly through the tears and sadness of the hour the truth of that universal verdict of mankind that if a man die he shall live again. For do not that same science and philosophy teach us that—

If a star were plucked from on high,
For ages would its light,
Streaming on down through the sky
Beam on our mortal sight.
So when a good man dies,
For ages beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him shines
Upon the paths of men.

Then, it is not true that either the good or the evil which men do is oft interred in their graves. In the higher and better sense the man does not die, and we have not buried our friend the Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES. His body perished and was buried, but the man lives on. His life work is left and his monument has been erected, not of stone or marble it may be, but in the memory of those who knew him, in the influence for good he wielded, and in that molded, rounded, useful life which passes not away.

I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp of divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones,
Of their dead selves to higher things.

The splendors of the Taj-Mehal did not increase the virtues nor lessen the vices of the beautiful Indian queen to whose memory it was erected. Carvings in stone and sculptures in marble can not alter what has been written in the Book of Life. Our marbled pantheon in yonder hall adds not one jot or tittle to the smallness or to the greatness of those whose exterior images have been wrought in stone. Indeed, we are all sculptors of life, and the universe is one universal pantheon, with a niche for each of us, high or low, as we may choose; and we are all chiseling away, making our own monuments with form and feature and lineaments of our own fashioning.

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It is therefore a pleasure, even in the midst of our sorrow, to point you to the exalted niche which Dr. STOKES has carved, and to look at the splendid lineaments wrought by him in a life of honor and usefulness. He was as true to his convictions as was that Roman sentinel whom the lava of Vesuvius could not drive from his post. He was honest and charitable as a man. He was tried and remained popular as a citizen. He was faithful and efficient as a public servant, and, more than all, he was kind, tender, and affectionate as a husband, as a friend, and neighbor.

The poet was mistaken who said:

> The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike the inevitable hour.
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

They do not lead but to the grave. They do not lead to the grave at all, nor even toward the grave. Nothing valuable that wealth or beauty e'er gave have been buried. Only gross material things are buried. But as to the fine impulses of the heart, the achievements of a life, the splendid accomplishments of the intellect—there is no death.

> There is no death! The stars go down,
> To rise on some fairer shore,
> And bright in heaven's jeweled crown,
> They shine forever more.
>
> There is no death! The dust we tread
> Shall change beneath summer showers
> To golden grain or mellowed fruit
> Or rainbow-tinted flowers.
>
> There is no death! The leaves may fall,
> And flowers may fade and pass away;
> They only wait through wintry hours
> The coming of the May.
>
> There is no death! An angel form
> Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
> He bears our best loved things away
> And then we call them "dead."

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ADDRESS OF MR. RICHARDSON, OF TENNESSEE.

Mr. SPEAKER: The daily routine of our legislative work is suspended once again that we may pay a brief tribute of respect to the memory of the dead.

The young may die, the old must die, and the wisest of us know not how soon. This time the member we eulogize was not only my warm political ally, but I was proud to name him in the list of the very first of my personal friends. I had had the pleasure of an acquaintance with him more or less intimate for a longer period, perhaps, than any member of this House, except some gentlemen of his own State delegation. I met him first in my own Congressional district in Tennessee nearly twenty years ago. It was while I was a very young member of Congress and when I was struggling to make friends and followers in my aspirations to continue a member of this House. It was under these circumstances we first met and he became my warm supporter and advocate.

You have already been told that Dr. STOKES was born on a country farm, in Orangeburg, within the State of South Carolina, in the year 1853; that there he grew to manhood, enjoying the opportunities of the average country school such as was found in his day and time in his State and throughout his section of the Union; that he graduated from Washington and Lee University in 1876, and that he then entered upon a course of teaching, which he followed until about 1888, or a period of twelve or more years.

He was elected to the State senate of South Carolina in 1890. In 1892 he was sent as a delegate to the national

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Democratic convention, which assembled that year in the city of Chicago, and which nominated for President and Vice-President Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Stevenson. He became a Presidential elector in that contest, and made a splendid canvass of his district for the national ticket. He was then laying the foundation of his future career as a Representative of his district in the Congress of the United States.

He was first elected to the House of Representatives in 1894, to the Fifty-fourth Congress, and reelected to the Fifty-fifth, Fifty-sixth, and Fifty-seventh Congresses. By his death he was prevented from taking his seat in this body in the Fifty-seventh Congress when we assembled in this Hall last December.

I believe he was a member of the constitutional convention which framed the constitution of his State. In all these positions of honor and trust committed to his hands by his people and constituents he bore himself not only with credit to himself, but with honor to those who gave their interests to him.

It is always sad to contemplate the loss of such a man as Dr. STOKES. Men like himself can not be well spared from public life, for there are too few such as he, who are willing to give up the quiet ease and comfort of the simple home life to engage actively in the turmoil and excitement of the hustings. He was a modest, unassuming, Christian gentleman, who improved and elevated the society in which he moved. His career in Congress could never have been what is termed brilliant or meteoric. He was of different mold. He was to be depended on in all the emergencies where coolness, calmness, and unimpassioned judgment were in demand to solve difficult and trying situations and emergencies. In all things public and private he was honest, sincere, and true. While engaged

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in his profession of school-teaching he found his way to Tennessee and located within the limits of the district I have the honor to represent on this floor. He taught school in two of the counties which then composed and which now compose my district.

There is where I first met him, and learned to love and to admire him. It was while thus occupied and engaged that he met, wooed, and won the estimable woman who was subsequently to become his partner in life. In a modest country home, surrounded by all that goes to make life pure and hearts contented, they united their fortunes and lives. He could not have been more fortunate in his selection, for while she brought to him the heritage of a good name—there being none better in our State—she was personally worthy of him into whose hands she committed herself. As we utter these words our hearts go out to her in the deepest and tenderest sympathy.

Mr. Speaker, in the loss of J. WILLIAM STOKES this House has been deprived of an honest, upright legislator, his State a true and tried Representative, his country a broad-minded and devoted patriot, his church a pious and faithful member, and his widow a loving, tender husband

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ADDRESS OF MR. JOHNSON, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Mr. SPEAKER: To-day, as we lay aside the regular business of this body, as it is eminently proper that we should do, to pay tribute to the memory and worth of our deceased brother, we are forcibly reminded that death comes with equal pace to the palace and the hut. Though I was not intimately acquainted with the late Representative STOKES, it became my duty as a member of this House to attend his funeral. Dr. STOKES was not a resident of the city of Orangeburg, but all places of business were closed out of respect to his memory during his funeral. All classes from every section of his own and adjoining counties were there to show their appreciation of him who had served them so faithfully and so well.

Of his services in this body I shall not attempt to speak, because his colaborers are better fitted for that duty. Suffice it for me to say that a man of his moral, Christian character could not have done less than his duty as God gave him light to see it. This leads me to refer not to Dr. STOKES nor to Congressman STOKES, but to Mr. STOKES, the modest, unassuming, Christian gentleman. The official clergyman at the funeral read one of the beautiful Psalms of David, and stated that it was the chapter read by Mr. STOKES when he erected in his home an altar to the living God. Would that every man in an office of honor and trust recognized his responsibility to and dependence on God, and would erect in his home an altar to Him.

Referring to the funeral, the text was:

For I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.

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These were the words spoken by Mr. STOKES when the chill, cold hand of death was upon him and he was entering the valley of the shadow of death. What a sublime and beautiful faith; what a happy ending of life's battles!

The highest compliment that can be paid any man is to be able to say of him that he was a Christian gentleman. I believe that the late J. WILLIAM STOKES was a Christian gentleman.

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ADDRESS OF MR. LAMB, OF VIRGINIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: In the meridian of life, with a promising future before him, enjoying the confidence and respect of loyal friends and a confiding constituency, surrounded with the comforts of home and the sweet companionship of a devoted wife, J. WILLIAM STOKES was called from earth to the abode of the just. On the 7th of July, 1901, a telegram reached me at my home in Virginia, requesting my attendance at his funeral in Orangeburg, S. C. It was a shock, but not a great surprise, for I had observed with deep regret his declining health. I shall ever regret that the information came too late for me to join my colleagues from the other States and be present when all that was mortal of our friend was laid in the silent tomb.

It was my good fortune to serve with Representative STOKES on the Agricultural Committee. This gave me an insight to his character and ability that a large number of this House could not enjoy. We know and appreciate the strong ties of friendship that are formed through association with the members of our own committees, as well as the opportunity this association affords for estimating the character of the members of the House. It is in the committee room that the legislation of the House is shaped and perfected. The quiet, painstaking work of the committeeman counts for much more than the speeches, too often delivered simply for the effect they may have in the Representative's district. This was the work suited to the taste of our deceased friend, and I bear willing testimony to his valuable services in this direction. For this work he was well equipped by training and temperament.

While for the most part we were in accord on the questions

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that arose in our committee, I call to mind one important subject on which we differed widely, and I bear in mind his gentle forbearance when his own views were combated, and his patience in listening to the arguments of those who opposed him.

Our friend died with his harness on. On more than one occasion I urged him to obtain leave of absence and go home for rest and treatment. He was a physician and would have given this advice to anyone else. I suggested to his watchful and patient wife that she might be able to persuade him to seek relief in entire rest, but her entreaties were in vain, so determined was he to remain at his post of duty as long as his strength would endure. Even after reaching home upon the adjournment of the Fifty-sixth Congress he devoted his time and taxed his energies for the welfare of his people.

I learned this through a rural free-delivery inspector who laid out several routes for me in the fall of 1901. When I ascertained that he had been through North and South Carolina I inquired after my colleagues and particularly as to the last days of Representative STOKES. This gentleman spoke in the highest terms of him, saying that he insisted on going with him over every route, though it was apparent that he was suffering and evident to all that he could not long stand the constant strain that he seemed determined to put forth. He was deeply interested in the rural free delivery, as the speech he made on the floor of the House will demonstrate. I have referred to his committee work; while this was performed with diligence and effectiveness, he was ready on all proper occasions to express himself with force and earnestness upon all questions arising in the House.

His reserve and modesty were known to his colleagues. So far as I could observe he was free from the twin vices that mar human character—envy and jealousy.

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The wisest man who ever lived said, "Envy is rottenness of bones." Again he said, "Who is able to stand before envy?" Pilate knew that from envy the priests and elders of the people delivered Jesus into the hands of the enraged populace. The Philistines envied the amiable and gentle Isaac. Rachel envied her sister. For less cause perhaps many a modern Rachel is to-day filled with envy and uncharitableness. Joseph's brethren envied him; and all over this land to-day, in city and country, in church and state, in private and public life, men envy their fellows.

> Base Envy withers at another's joy,
> And hates that excellence it can not reach.

Jealousy is the apprehension of superiority, and is often converted into envy. Men who have served in the Army, particularly officers, know something of this evil passion. It has lost many battles and sacrificed many valuable lives. Men in public life are often afflicted with this passion. In years gone by it was a fruitful source of duels; now it finds vent in detraction, misrepresentation, and slander. The Good Book tells us, "Jealousy is the rage of a man." Again, "Jealousy is cruel as the grave." Evil spirits laugh in fiendish delight when, through the influences they appear to wield, they have worked up a desperate case of jealousy.

> Beware, my lord, of jealousy!
> It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
> The meat it feeds on.

I come now to speak of his higher nature and "holier chivalry." A religious philosopher once observed that—

> In Christianity, and in Christianity alone, can be discovered character in harmonious wholeness; at once the "righteous man," high in the practice of all social virtues, stern in the inflexible adhesion to the utter right; and the "good man," who has won for himself a revenue of affection, at whose name men's eyes sparkle and their spirits glow as if a sunbeam glinted in.

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Our friend possessed this "harmonious wholeness." He was an earnest Christian. He preserved in his associations and public life the same devotion to his religious obligations that he practiced at home and among his friends. To resist the allurements of the world and keep a conscience void of offense requires strong convictions and resolute will power. He who can safely pass this ordeal in public life is indeed a hero and will wear the victor's wreath at the last.

No one can fully discern the spiritual relations between a man and his Maker. We can only judge a tree by its fruits. From all that we could see and learn of our lamented colleague we rest assured that he kept himself "unspotted from the world."

We believe if a man die he shall live again, and that the spirit of our friend has passed into the city of everlasting peace.

His day is come, not gone;
His sun has risen, not set;
His life is now beyond
The reach of death or change,
Not ended, but begun.

Among the many lovable traits of character possessed by our colleague, who has preceded us only a short time, perhaps, to the spirit land, was his gentleness. This is no afterthought of mine or those who unite with us to-day in these sorrowful and not purely perfunctory ceremonies, but was observed often and sometimes commented on, for every man here is estimated according to his real worth and character. We would do well to lay this thought to heart.

Gentleness is the crowning virtue of man. It is the sunshine of the soul. It is the beautiful blending of many virtues. It comes from the heart and is not a product of the intellect. It is often assumed, but, like every other counterfeit, is sooner or later detected. It is the natural charm of

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women, but shows its true force or power in strong men who have thought well and struggled hard for their fellows. Its force is potential in the hours of sadness and affliction. It is linked with sympathy and finds an active field in the heroic struggles of the altruistic reformers of this age.

> If ever you have looked on better days,
> If ever been where bells have knelled to church,
> If ever sat at any good man's feast,
> If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,
> And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
> Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.

In emulating the gentle virtues and shunning the weaknesses—if he had them—of our lamented friend, let us seek to promote the welfare of those who have clothed us with grave responsibilities, and in the end deserve the just tributes we now pay to his memory.

With tender recollections of our departed colleague, we pray that peace and happiness may follow her who bears his image in her heart and binds his memory to earth.

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ADDRESS OF MR. THOMAS, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Mr. SPEAKER: Amid the cares and responsibilities, the triumphs and disappointments, and the changing scenes of political life, we pause a while to-day to pay a slight but appropriate tribute of respect and love to one who for six years was an honored and esteemed member of this House and a faithful Representative of his people and the State of South Carolina.

As the years pass like summer clouds, one after another of those whom we have known and esteemed in this House enter the dark valley of the shadow of death and depart to that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

In accordance with the resolution of the House, we suspend to-day its order of business, and remembering the virtues, the patriotism, and the conscientious service of Dr. J. WILLIAM STOKES, we lay upon his tomb in the Palmetto State a wreath of immortelles. I did not know Dr. STOKES so well as his colleagues from his State, South Carolina, or so intimately as those who served upon the same committees with him, but I knew of him before my first election to Congress on account of his connection with and great interest in the rural free-delivery service. He was one of the strongest advocates of this service which has proven of such great benefit to the people who live in the country, giving to them a daily mail and newspapers, and bringing them in quick communication with the cities and towns and in closer touch with the current events of the world.

My association with Dr. STOKES in the Fifty-sixth Congress was exceedingly pleasant, and I formed a high opinion of his integrity, character, and fidelity to his trust. I served upon the committee of this House in attendance upon his funeral. A graduate of Washington and Lee University in Virginia, in

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1876, and later in medicine of Vanderbilt University, Tennessee, his natural inclination seemed toward public life, and his sympathies were especially with the agricultural people, the farmers of his State, whom he served for two terms as president of the State Alliance.

He was State senator, delegate at large to the national Democratic convention at Chicago in 1892, Presidential elector, and a member of the Fifty-fourth, Fifth-fifth, Fifty-sixth, and Fifty-seventh Congresses. In the closing days of the Fifty-sixth Congress it was apparent to his devoted wife and his friends that his health was failing, so that the sad news of his death at his home in Orangeburg in July, 1901, soon after his entrance upon his fourth term as a member of Congress, was not wholly unexpected.

And yet how few of us ever expect the coming of this greatest of all changes in our human lives, the final separation from the bright scenes, the joys, the sorrows, the activities, the ambitions of the world, and our transition to another sphere of existence, borne upon and across the wide and fathomless ocean of eternity.

Whither we go, we know not. We only know that heathen as well as Christian philosophers, since the days of Socrates and Plato, have taught that death is but a transition; and we can only look up and beyond the mists and shadows which surround the dark valley into the sunshine which rests above and beyond, and with confident faith in the teachings of the divine Master exclaim:

> And though from out the bourne
> Of time and space
> The flood may bear me far,
> I hope to meet my Pilot face to face
> When I have crossed the bar.

Those who love and serve their fellow-men may pass from the stage of action, but they still live in the affection and

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undying memories of their fellow-citizens; and so, I am sure if loyalty to conviction and duty, if fidelity to trust, if Christian manhood, if service to his fellow-men can prepare a man for transition to a higher and nobler existence, and cause his memory to survive the mighty change of death, then our late colleague in this Chamber, to whom we pay tribute to-day, still lives in his work and his example.

At his home in Orangeburg, S. C., upon the streets, at the church of which he was an active and beloved member, throngs of his fellow-citizens assembled to manifest their love for him and deep grief in the loss they had sustained. He seemed to be, and he was, in the very zenith of his popularity and usefulness when the end came, and he still lives in the affections of the people of his district and State.

He has only passed from earth to some happier existence. Death for him was but transition, and we believe that in the "silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking upon the farther shore and felt upon his wasted brow the breath of Heaven's eternal morning."

There is no death! the stars go down
To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! the forest leaves
Convert to life the viewless air;
The rocks disorganize to feed
The hungry moss they bear.

There is no death! the dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers,
To golden grain or mellow fruits,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! the leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait through wintry hours,
The warm, sweet breath of May.

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ADDRESS OF MR. CANDLER, OF MISSISSIPPI.

Mr. SPEAKER: I always have a feeling of solemnity on occasions like this, when I realize I am in the presence of death. Great minds have traveled through life in awe at the thought of death, and Queen Elizabeth cried out, "All my possessions for a moment's time!" Burns called death "the poor man's friend," and Byron, when the end came, said: "I must sleep now." Mrs. Hemans truly proclaims:

> Leaves have their time to fall,
> And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
> And stars to set; but all,
> Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

We can not understand it, and we will never know why here, "for now we see through a glass darkly," but by and by we shall know, "for then I shall know even as I am known." Hence "Tis not the whole of life to live, nor all of death to die." I am here to join in paying a tribute to the life and character of the Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES, late an honored and beloved Representative in this House from the State of South Carolina. I had not an extensive or long acquaintance with Dr. STOKES. He lived in my home city of Corinth, Miss., about twenty years ago, and was the principal of the graded schools during his residence there.

I felt highly honored when I received an invitation from his widow, through the gentleman from South Carolina [Mr. Lever], to deliver an address on this occasion, and as I did not live in Corinth when Dr. STOKES resided there, I at once wrote to some prominent gentlemen there about him, and I am going to take the liberty of quoting from their replies. He was a teacher

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while there, and it is of that period in his life I shall especially speak. The first letter from which I quote is from Hon. Thomas E. Henry, the present mayor of Corinth. He says:

It was my pleasure to know the Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES quite intimately while he was a resident of Corinth. I was the clerk of the board of mayor and aldermen at the time he taught school here, and this gave me an opportunity to know him well. He was not only a thoroughly educated man, but a very practical one.

He was the founder of graded schools in Corinth. It was the custom when he came here to prorate the public school fund to every private school in town. He questioned the propriety as well as the legality of this practice, and in a short while had the support of the people as well as the authorities in favor of using the public fund exclusively in support of the public graded schools. He established such a reputation for honesty, integrity, conservatism, and ability that he was placed in absolute control of the entire school interests and school funds of the city, and was allowed to conduct the school according to his best judgment, and permitted to select his own faculty. He was a strict disciplinarian, but at the same time he was kind and gentle, and one of the most amiable of men. He lived up to his professions in both temporal and spiritual affairs. He was a true man, an excellent teacher, an exemplary citizen, and a consistent Christian.

I now quote from a letter written me by Hon. J. M. Boone, a prominent attorney of Corinth. He says:

Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES lived here several years, and was during that time principal of our public free school. He was very competent and extraordinarily energetic. He was, I think, as progressive and persevering as any man we have ever had here in any line of work. By his ability he built up the public school interest that finds such strong hold in our city now. When he took charge here our people did not seem to rightly appreciate the benefits of an education for their children, but never since his stay with us have I seen a disposition on the part of our people to lag in this work.

He was a consistent Christian gentleman. He possessed strong will power and was persistent in his views about his profession. I never heard a remark against his honesty of purpose or a reflection upon his daily life. His life here showed him to be a leader rather than a follower of men. He was open, frank, and candid in all his dealings. In all of his proposed public measures he never seemed to have anything to conceal, but dealt with the subject in an open, frank way, and presented his views with the utmost candor.

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The following quotation is from the letter of my family physician, a most excellent and elegant gentleman, Dr. Charles M. Taylor, of Corinth. He says:

I am very glad you were requested to say something of Dr. STOKES. I went to school to him. He was a great teacher and a most excellent gentleman. He was an honest, upright man of undoubted integrity, a man who loved right and abhorred wrong, one who when mistaken had the manhood to acknowledge it, who when right had the moral and physical courage to maintain it. He was a teacher of great ability. He possessed the happy faculty of being able to impart what he knew in a forcible and pleasing way to the student. He deserved and received the good will, respect, and admiration of the pupils and patrons of the school so long as he remained in our midst without, so far as I know, a single exception. His life was such as to lead me to believe he was a devout, true, and sincere Christian.

I was, as a student, very intimate with Dr. STOKES for two years and had a most excellent opportunity to observe his "daily walk and conversation," and he was in all above criticism or reproach. I never heard him discuss religious subjects or mention God but what he did it with that becoming reverence due from the creature to the Creator, from a sinner saved by grace to his Lord and Master. His was a beautiful character, worthy of all emulation. You can not say too much of Dr. STOKES. He was a true, manly man, a perfect gentleman, an excellent citizen, and a devout Christian.

The next quotation is from the letter of Dr. Theodore Borroum, an accomplished and cultured physician of Corinth. He says:

I was too young to know much of Dr. STOKES when he lived here. I have, however, inquired of a great many citizens who did know him and who now remember him well since I received your letter asking me about him. All with one accord speak in the highest terms of him as a man, a teacher, and a Christian gentleman. He taught here something like twenty years ago and was the principal of the city schools. He was eminently successful as an educator. I am sure you may pay him the highest encomiums and not speak extravagantly of him. Corinth owes much to his wise counsel and effective work. He made his impress here for good, and the present most excellent graded schools in our city are an enduring monument to his memory and a blessing to humanity.

I have preferred to copy these letters verbatim rather than otherwise use the information brought to me by them, and having done so, I could well stop at this point, for I can pay

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no higher eulogy than these testimonials to the life and character of this great and good man. Here is a verification of that divine truth, "By their fruits ye shall know them." This man, wherever he lived, left his impress for good. He used well his opportunities as a teacher to rightly store the mind and soul of the young with aspirations for loftier things. There is no nobler, higher, or better calling or profession than that of teacher. He who properly instructs, guides, and directs the youth, male and female, of the country is a blessing to humanity, an honor to the world, and a coworker with our Father above.

Dr. STOKES was a success in this exalted profession, and it prepared him for wider usefulness and for greater endeavors in the field of statesmanship. He was a leader—"a voice, not an echo"—and faithfully and well did he lead onward and upward in things temporal and spiritual. To such a man life was a field of noble activity to prepare for better things by and by, and death had no terrors. The Christ said, "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life." He believed on Him, he trusted in Him, and he simply passed through the "valley of the shadow of death" out into the fuller, purer, and never-ending life in the presence of Him above. The life and character of such a man is encouraging and uplifting; the death of such a man is sublime and beautiful. In life he dispelled clouds, he scattered sunshine.

He was busy, he was useful. He continually did that which was good. He constrained people into better ways. He was sincere in all his purposes, and was not a passive influence, but an aggressive, active, force. He performed his task faithfully, and has gone to his reward. His life was beautiful, and its close here and its passing through the shadows exemplified the "beauty of death." The mystery of life and the mystery of death met and blended into a transcendent light that brilliantly

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illuminated the pathway to that rest "beneath the shade of the trees," in the "heaven of eternal bliss." Mississippi mingles her tears with South Carolina on the grave of her honored and beloved dead, and plants a most beautiful flower which shall ever be blooming and fragrant in our memories.

With our united hearts of sympathy we offer condolence to the bereaved widow, and would comfort her with the thought, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." He rests from his labors, but his works still live; they follow him, and they are for good. "He being dead, yet speaketh," and in his works and speech he has exemplified and is exemplifying the true man, the perfect gentleman, the faithful public servant, and the devout Christian. In truthfulness we can say his life was a success, and that truthful epitaph is a "halo of glory" for any life which will not grow dim e'en with eternity.

His life and death in their beauty emphasized a great truth, and that truth is that no one can be truly great unless that greatness is used to advance that which is truly good. Would that all would properly realize and appreciate that truth. It contains the climax of a successful life, and without it life is a dismal and never-ending failure. One's life and death can and should always be beautiful; and it can be so by simple faith in a crucified and risen Lord, the fruits of which must be doing the best and most we can for others while on this earth and a crown of righteousness at God's right hand in the mansions above. Such was the life of the Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES.

Mourn not the dead whose lives declare
  That they have nobly borne their part,
For victory's golden crown they wear,
  Reserved for every faithful heart.
They rest with glory wrapped around,
  Immortal on the scroll of fame;
Their works their praises shall resound,
  Their name, an everlasting name.

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As life's battle ended the Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES, with the great Apostle to the Gentiles, could triumphantly exclaim: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them that love His appearing."

He is gone, but when he departed he held—

That golden key
That opes the palace of eternity.

"He is dead, but he ever liveth," for—

He has but passed
Beyond the mist that blinds us here,
Into the newer and larger life
Of that serener sphere.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless universe
Is life! There are no dead.

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ADDRESS OF MR. TALBERT, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Mr. SPEAKER: I can add but little to what has been said by my colleagues, and it might possibly be a sufficient eulogy upon my dear friend to say that I have come from a sick bed to be present on this occasion; but that will not satisfy in any degree my own feelings in this matter. Yea, I am almost constrained to repeat the words of a warm friend of Tom Moore, who said of him:

> Were 't the last drop in the well,
> As I gasp'd upon the brink,
> Ere my fainting spirit fell,
> 'Tis to thee that I would drink.

In the gloom and sorrow that overshadows us to-day, when meditating upon the departure of our friend, these words have suggested themselves to me, and I have not other words more adequate to express my high appreciation of the noble character of the deceased in adding this humble tribute to his memory in addition to those paid him by his other colleagues.

The Grim Reaper has again visited us and taken one of our number, and according to a long time-honored custom we are convened to-day to do honor to and pay the last tribute to one of our late associates, only yesterday with us, so to speak, who now lies with restful hands in the cold and silent grave. These occasions are always sad and solemn, giving us cause for reflection. It is a sad and mournful thought to lose any member of this House, it matters not from what State of the Union he may come. But it is sadder still when death comes closer home to us and claims as its victim one

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from our own State, from our own home—one of our own delegation, one of our colleagues, one of our brothers, one of our intimate friends, one with whom we have associated for years. We are all brethren in a sense, but the members of a delegation from any particular State are brethren and friends in a peculiar sense.

While a member of Congress represents the interests of all the people at large in a general way, in a more particular sense does he represent the people of his own State and district. And colleagues who have been working for days, months, and even years for the good of the people of their own State are drawn closer together, and ties of friendship and fellow-feeling are thereby made that are hard indeed to break. This was the case with the South Carolina delegation toward the man whom we are attempting to speak about to-day.

A seat has been made vacant in this delegation (though now filled honorably and efficiently by a good and worthy young man, following in the footpaths of his illustrious predecessor); a chair has been draped in mourning; a voice has been silenced; a heart has ceased to beat; a life has been cut off by which this House has lost one of its most useful members, the country one of its most ardent defenders, the people of South Carolina (the masses) one of their best and truest friends, and a most noble and devoted wife bereft of her beloved husband, whom she almost idolized and who in turn was just as devoted and mindful of her. This man was the Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES, of Orangeburg, S. C., whose honor it has been to represent the Seventh district of that State from the 4th day of March, 1895, till the day of his death, which occurred on the 6th day of July, 1901.

The summons from on high came and called him away from us and from the life he lived, but we are led to believe that he

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is now with his Master, whom he loved to serve on earth, in a more blissful field of glory and heavenly love. While living here you have only to review his record to see how well he served his country and how ably he represented the people of the Seventh district, who have ever loved and honored him in his lifetime, and who now hold sacred his memory, which will live on as long as time shall last. In giving a condensed sketch of the life of this good man I feel that I can do no better than to reproduce the short biographical sketch given of him in the Congressional Directory, as follows, being only a short outline of his illustrious career:

J. WILLIAM STOKES, of Orangeburg, was born in Orangeburg County, S. C., in 1853; was brought up to farm life, attending the ordinary schools of his county and town until he was 19 years of age; graduated from Washington and Lee University, Virginia, in 1876, and taught school for twelve years, graduating in the meantime from Vanderbilt University, Tennessee, in medicine; in 1889 he returned to the farm, assisted in organizing the farmers, and was president of the State Farmers' Alliance two terms; was elected to the State senate in 1890; was a delegate at large to the national Democratic convention at Chicago in 1892, and was Presidential elector on the Democratic ticket the same year; was defeated for the Democratic nomination in the old First Congressional district in 1892 by a small majority; in 1894 was nominated without opposition in the Democratic primaries in the new Seventh Congressional district, which is nearly the same as the old First district. He received the certificate of election to the Fifty-fourth Congress, but the seat was declared vacant. At the election on November 3, 1896, he was elected to the short term of the Fifty-fourth Congress, was reelected to the Fifty-fifth Congress, and also to the Fifty-sixth and Fifty-seventh Congresses.

To know Dr. STOKES well was but to love him much. It was my good fortune to know him quite intimately, having been associated with him in the State work of the Farmers' Alliance, of which he was the president, while I was State lecturer, before we came to Congress together. While he was an extremely modest and somewhat reserved man, yet at the same time, when the necessity would arise, none were more aggressive and bold, none more determined and energetic. He was

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possessed of a high and laudable ambition and worked his way up by energy and industry from the humblest walks of life to a seat in the United States Congress, and it may be truthfully said that during his service here he has always been ready and willing to take good care of the interests of the good people of the Seventh district, whom he had been called to represent.

He was a man of a high degree of intelligence and refinement. He was a strictly temperate and sober man, and possessed of wonderful will power and determination for one of his physical ability, being rather frail and delicate. I can now recall how often his colleagues would tell him during the last session of Congress he attended that he ought to go home and rest, but he would not. He was an active and consistent member of the Methodist Church; naturally pious, liberal in his views as well as in his contributions; a man of firm and decided religious opinion; an all-round, earnest, useful, and zealous worker in the Master's vineyard, and it can be said that Orangeburg was draped in mourning on the day of his death.

It was my sad duty to attend his funeral, held in the Methodist Church at Orangeburg, of which he was a member, and I will never forget the large concourse of people assembled to do him honor. Well do I recall the words of the text announced by his pastor, which had been selected by himself before his death. It was part of the twelfth verse, first chapter of Paul's second epistle to Timothy, in these words:

For I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.

Oh, whence and what, if not of God, is this mystery we call mind? What is it that thinks and feels and knows and acts? Who can deny the divinity that stirs within us? He clung fast to the hand that led him, though sometimes it was in darkness, though it was sometimes in deep waters, yet he knew

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whom he had believed, and felt persuaded that he could and would keep all that which he had confidingly committed to Him against that day.

From these impressive words the venerable pastor preached one of the most feeling funeral sermons to which I ever listened, and after it there were very few dry eyes in the vast audience. It was a solemn occasion, and as I sat there meditating upon the death of my dear friend I could but recall to mind his many noble traits of character, and to rejoice that he died the death of the righteous, and being comforted with the language: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." The Methodist Church has sustained a great loss in the death of this good man, and while we lament we believe the good Lord has taken him to Himself in glory, and that he is now basking in the sunshine of His love.

We shall miss him, the country will miss him, the House misses him, South Carolina will feel the loss; his many friends mourn over him, his relatives look in vain for his coming, the poor will feel their loss; but most of all and beyond all he will be missed by that dear, good, noble, conscientious, and Christian woman whom it was his good fortune to woo and win for a life companion, that most estimable, highly cultivated, and refined lady who was his helpmeet, who sat opposite him at table, who presided over his lovely home, who was always with him—sometimes at the banquet, sometimes at the funeral, sometimes at the bedside of the sick, but always with him until his death, like a ministering angel. And now, in this hour of profound sorrow and bereavement, we would extend to her most of all our heartfelt sympathy and condolence. It was never my fortune to witness greater or more affectionate devotion between man and wife.

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He was not blessed with any children of his own, but he was the benefactor of a great many poor children, having educated a score of young men in his day and time. He loved and helped the children of his community.

But Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES is no more; he has gone; we are nevermore to meet him, nor to work with him, nor to enjoy his company in this world. But let us remember that while he can not come back to us, we may meet him in that happy land, if we will, where parting is no more, and where the weary are ever at rest. After all, our sorrow is Heaven's joy. Our loss is his gain, for his faith in the God who rules the destiny of nations as well as individuals has enabled him to fall asleep in this world of sorrow to awake in a brighter and better land, where he can receive that welcome plaudit, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

While he is dead, his influence as a representative of the people still lives, and, far better than that, his example as an humble follower of his Lord and Master stands out in bold relief as a rich legacy to all those he has left behind, leading them to a realization of the saying that "'Tis not the whole of life to live, nor all of death to die." His many good and noble examples are well worthy of emulation by all of us, especially by the young men. Then, as we ponder over the life and character of our departed friend and colleague, who rose from the humblest walks of life by perseverance and toil to prominence, serving his people all the while honestly and faithfully, and leaving them, above all things else, a noble Christian example, let us in our ambition to do something and be something in the world feel encouraged by this man's career and learn the lesson he has taught us, that—

> Honor and shame from no condition rise;
> Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

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Mr. LEVER. Mr. Speaker, quite a number of gentlemen desired to say something on this occasion, but have been unable to be present. I ask unanimous consent that members may have thirty days in which to print remarks in the Record on the late Representative STOKES.

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. Elliott). The gentleman from South Carolina asks unanimous consent that leave for thirty days be granted members to print eulogies in the Record on the late Representative STOKES. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none.

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ADDRESS OF MR. MCCALL, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Mr. SPEAKER: I avail myself of the leave granted by the House to put upon its records a few words attempting to express, although most inadequately, my appreciation of the character of the Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES, late a member of Congress from the State of South Carolina.

I did not know Mr. STOKES prior to his election to this House, but I became acquainted with him soon after he took his seat in the Fifty-fourth Congress. It happened that his election to that Congress was contested and that the contest was referred to a committee of which I was a member. I had an opportunity to observe him under trying circumstances.

I was struck with his placid dignity, his serenity, his patience, and his quiet courage. His was a fine and gracious presence, and yet he was a man likely to get credit for less ability than he really possessed. There was nothing spectacular or showy about him. He was not given to self-exploitation, but those who knew him best had no difficulty in discerning the excellent capacity which had given him so large a measure of success and which seemed to justify the hope of his friends of even higher success in the future, if his life had been spared. What most impresssd me about him was the happy temper which, after he had done his utmost, led him to accept apparently without complaint or without elation whatever the result might be, as if he clearly saw that the real greatness lay in the nobility of the struggle and in the uncomplaining acceptance of what came after his own responsibility had ended. He would have modestly filled a higher place with the ability equal to it, just as he

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would have accepted a more obscure lot without repining. He seemed to me to have lived according to the philosophy in the noble words of Wordsworth:

> If thou indeed derive thy light from heaven,
> Shine poet, in thy place and be content;
> The star that from the zenith darts its beams,
> Visible though it be to half the earth,
> Though half a sphere be conscious of its brightness,
> Is yet of no diviner origin,
> No purer essence, than the one that burns,
> Like an untended watch fire, on the ridge
> Of some dark mountain, or than those which seem
> Humbly to hang, like twinkling winter lamps,
> Among the branches of the leafless trees.

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ADDRESS OF MR. SMALL, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Mr. SPEAKER: On this day, when we have come to pay a tribute to the memory of our friend, I believe that my own emotions would receive greater satisfaction if I could visit the new-made grave in his native State and silently recall his virtues and recount our loss and that of his State. Words are so often vain things. They may conceal the emotions or they may express the sincerest sorrow; they may be insincere or they may come as utterances warm and pathetic from the true heart; they may be cold and impassive or warm and impulsive; they may conceal thought or they may be the acme of candor and truth. While it is only natural to approach the bier with reverence and solemnity, and the impulse of every manly heart is to speak nothing but good of the dead, yet undue laudation and the painting of an ideal life are equally to be avoided. How wise and satisfying a course it would be if we should speak of the living nothing that we would be unwilling to speak of the dead. This rule of conduct would not only promote our own happiness, but would remove so many of the rancors, the acerbities, and the disagreeable episodes which so often beset the living, particularly those whose ambitions and activities bring them to the front and keep them in the public eye.

Dr. STOKES, as his colleagues loved to call him, perhaps came near exemplifying this rule in his daily life. I can not recall in my association with him during the Fifty-sixth Congress, and it was my pleasure to be his friend and to some extent his companion, that I ever heard him utter an unkind word about anyone. Being a man of culture and information and high mental

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training, he entertained clear-cut opinions upon public questions and had the courage and the ability to maintain them; but his differences arose from reflection and judgment, and being honest and candid himself, he never questioned the motives of those with whom he differed.

The only life worth living is that which is stirred by ambition and which is fortified and promoted by industry. But the object must be worthy and the methods must be honorable. After all the main purpose sought is contentment and happiness. Some follow a mistaken ideal and never reach the goal. Wealth, position, and power do not always bring these two jewels. He who carries sunshine along the pathway, who speaks a kind word of encouragement to the disconsolate, who condoles with sorrow, who remembers the poor, who encourages the struggling, who raises the fallen, who stands by the right because it is right, he it is who has found contentment and happiness and whose life is radiant and beautiful. The man who thus tempers his ambition and curbs his will finds genuine pleasure in success and the world rejoices with him in his daily progress.

I believe that Dr. STOKES thus found the true source of happiness. Who of us does not recall his sunny disposition and his cheerful manner. In addition he had that mental equipoise and ready self-control which made him a choice comrade and a valuable ally. His loyalty to his friends was not less conspicuous than his adherence to his convictions.

I shall not dwell upon the varying steps in the career of Dr. STOKES. The adverse conditions of his youth and early manhood, his loving patience and wisdom as a teacher, his political career and promotion in the politics of his native State, his incisive and brave work as an editor, the culmination of his public life in this House, and the example of his daily life as a Christian have been aptly and interestingly portrayed by his worthy successor [Mr. Lever].

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I can not close this imperfect tribute without a reference to our friend in his daily life as the faithful and loyal husband. My acquaintance with the wife was scarcely less intimate than with him as husband. The home and the hearthstone are the basis of a nation's greatness. Marriage is the institution blessed of all, and happy are those whose fortunes and aspirations are twined into one loving embrace and who thus tread life's pathway. Charity to the imperfections of the other, loving patience and kindness, loyalty in sickness and in health, loving ministrations one to the other, loyalty and fortitude in adversity, and mutual joy in the hours of prosperity, all crowned with steadfast love—these are the characteristics of a happy union. Nothing is more beautiful to contemplate. Such a marriage is a benediction to all.

I have observed many men in the relation of husband, and I may say in all candor that I never observed a more beautiful life in this respect than that of Dr. STOKES. He was tender and considerate in his daily life, and never forgot the little attentions and courtesies and thoughtful remembrances which always appeal to the gentle wife and evoke the sweetest emotions. While always the ideal husband, yet when illness came to the partner of his bosom his devotion was unusually constant and to his friends a source of inspiration.

We know that we have lost a friend and his State a valuable Representative, but this loss is incomparable to that of the wife. For her I pray that the tender memories of the past may sustain and comfort the sad and lonely days of the future.

A good woman who knew both the husband and the wife has handed me the following quotation, which fittingly describes this beautiful union and the sad parting:

> Sometimes into two hearts great enough to hold it, and into two souls where it may forever abide, there comes the Everlasting Love. It is elemental like the fire and the sea, with the depth and the splendor of the

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surge and the glory of the flame. It makes the world a vast cathedral, in which the two may worship, and where even in the darkness there is the peace which passeth all understanding, because it is of God.

When the time of parting comes, for there is always that turning in the road, the sadness is not so great because one must go on alone. Life grows beautiful after a time, and even wholly sweet, when a man and a woman have so lived and loved and worked together that death is not good-bye, but rather "auf wiedersehen."

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PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

JANUARY 14, 1902.

A message communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina, and transmitted resolutions of the House thereon.

JANUARY 15, 1902.

Mr. TILLMAN. Mr. President, I ask the Chair to lay before the Senate the resolutions of the House, which I have been waiting for some time to call up.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolutions of the House of Representatives will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

January 13, 1902.

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to his memory the House do now adjourn.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Mr. TILLMAN. Mr. President, I send to the desk resolutions which I ask may have immediate consideration.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from South Carolina asks for the immediate consideration of resolutions which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn.

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The PRESIDING OFFICER. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions submitted by the Senator from South Carolina.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and (at 1 o'clock and 50 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Thursday, January 16, 1902, at 12 o'clock meridian.

APRIL 28, 1902.

A message transmitted to the Senate resolutions of the House of Representatives commemorative of the life and services of Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina.

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JUNE 3, 1902.

Mr. TILLMAN. Mr. President, I desire to give notice that on Saturday, the 14th of June, at 4 o'clock p. m., I shall submit resolutions commemorative of the life and character of Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES, late a Representative from South Carolina, and I shall ask the Senate at that time to suspend its business in order that fitting tribute may be paid to his memory.

JUNE 14, 1902.

Mr. TILLMAN. Mr. President, I ask that the resolutions from the House of Representatives in memory of Dr. STOKES, late a member of that body, may be laid before the Senate.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. Gallinger in the chair). The Chair lays before the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, *April 26, 1902.*

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a distinguished public servant, the House, at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk be instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Mr. TILLMAN. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

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The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolutions submitted by the Senator from South Carolina will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended in order that fitting tributes may be paid to the memory of the deceased.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect to his memory the Senate, at the conclusion of these ceremonies, do adjourn.

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ADDRESS OF MR. TILLMAN, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: The Senate and the House of Representatives, forming as they do component parts of the legislative branch of the Government, work together in all things where the making of laws is concerned. This intimate relationship necessarily brings the members of the two bodies into close and friendly contact and many lasting friendships have had their origin in a committee room of the Capitol.

Therefore it is that the custom has grown up for both Houses to take cognizance of the death of a member of either and to pay due respect to the memory of a dead comrade. The feeling is somewhat akin to that of attending the funeral of a fellow-soldier who has died. Not only his immediate associates attend the last sad rites, but the members of the other companies also attend the funeral; and so when a Senator dies the House takes part on a subsequent day in paying respect to his memory, just as the Senate performs the same duty in regard to a dead Representative.

The Senate pauses in its labors to-day out of respect to a member of the lower House—a man not known to very many Senators, but one whose character and worth were most highly appreciated by those of us who were acquainted with him. J. WILLIAM STOKES, a citizen of South Carolina, and a member of Congress for six years preceding his death, was called to his long rest on the 6th day of July, 1901. He was a member-elect to the present Congress, and had served the people of his district with distinguished ability and zeal during his Congressional career.

The facts of his personal and political history have already

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been set forth in the eulogy pronounced by Mr. A. F. Lever, his successor in the House, on the 26th of April last, and they will appear in the memorial volume, and as the rehearsal of that record in this presence would be but a repetition, I shall not dwell upon it. I prefer to speak of my dead friend rather from the point of view of a colaborer in a common field and to give some estimate of his character as a man than deal with the subject from the standpoint of a biographer. Owing to the fact that he had left South Carolina immediately after his graduation from the Washington and Lee University of Virginia, and remained away, following his chosen profession as a teacher, until 1889, I had no knowledge of him in his earlier manhood.

I shall always recollect the first time I met him. It was at the "March convention" of the farmers' movement in the city of Columbia in 1890. He was on the committee to draft a platform, and his thorough insight into all the public questions then agitating the people of South Carolina and his earnest, zealous purpose to present those issues in the best light and frame the demands for reform which were pulsating in the hearts of our people, so as to minimize opportunities for attack and assure so far as practicable the support of all those in sympathy with our purpose, made him a marked member of the convention.

South Carolinians ordinarily are very jealous of outsiders, and Dr. STOKES's long absence from the State in the case of some men would have made it impossible that he should have exerted any influence; but his modesty and the clearness and force with which he presented his ideas and argued any moot question silenced any jealous mutterings, and from the first he became a leader in the movement in South Carolina to reform the State government just as he was soon after among the most

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prominent men in the Alliance movement in the State which had for its purpose the securing of reforms in the National Government.

While he was not an eloquent speaker, he was forceful and logical, and his arguments always carried with them weight, if not conviction. Though he was my junior by seven years, his temperament was so calm and judicial that I always listened to his opinions with deference, and very rarely differed with him on public questions. From the first day we met, in March, 1890, to the day of his death there was cooperation growing into the warmest friendship and closest political alliance. In looking back now over those years of arduous labor performed together, I recollect not one single incident which produced bitterness or distrust; and after our entrance upon the national arena, he in the other end of the Capitol and I in this, we were thrown together much more intimately than had been possible previously, and the admiration which his clear and forceful mind had excited was succeeded by most cordial and warm friendship. The better he was known the more he was loved and respected.

It was in this intimate association that I came to understand and appreciate the higher and nobler side of the man—not but what all of his attributes were high and noble, but I allude more particularly to his home life and to his chivalrous and almost idolatrous attachment to the noble woman who had won his love. It was in the home and in the company of his wife that Dr. STOKES shone in his most admirable light. Having no children of his own, he was always stealing the heart of some child with whom he came in contact, and my own little ones learned to love him and to run to meet him on his frequent visits with that ardor and abandonment of joy which a child alone knows how to exhibit.

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In the art of winning his way to the hearts of children he was not surpassed by any man I have ever known, and no student of human nature will ask any higher tribute to his character. Children do not love those who are selfish and mean; and, guileless themselves, they are not easily deceived in their estimate of men and women. I would sooner trust the intuition and instincts of a child than depend on the judgment of a grown person where character and goodness are in question.

A man of the most refined manners, Dr. STOKES was a favorite with all those who came to know him intimately; so while the men respected him for his manliness of principle and high character, the women were his admiring friends because of his chivalry and deference to their sex, while the children loved him for his kindliness and sympathetic interest in all of their little affairs.

It would be improper to invade the sacred precincts of his desolate home, but the devotion which bound him to his wife, the romantic idealized love, so to speak, with which he regarded her, made the separation of those two who were certainly "one twain" the more heartrending. I can offer no consolation to that widowed heart that will assuage its longing, but it would not be improper, perhaps, to say to her that he is only gone before, and waits longingly for her coming, and she should try to win comfort out of the sad consciousness that—

'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

The world can not give any compensation for her great loss, but she is surely happier, or will be happier if she will look at it from this point of view till the time shall come for their reunion.

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In looking over my friend's life in its results I am forcibly reminded of that sad truth contained in Gray's lines:

> The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> All that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike the inevitable hour;
> The paths of glory lead—but to the grave.

Dr. STOKES was young in years; had scarcely reached the meridian of life. His public career had hardly begun, and the equipment furnished by years of study and extensive reading had promise of rich fruition. He had grown upon the people of our State during the twelve years since his return among us, and while the bitter strife which marked the period of his entry into the political arena had left some scars on other breasts, they seemed to have left none on his own.

The shafts of envy and malice had fallen hurtless, and his worth and high character had so impressed themselves on the people that in his last election he was unopposed by any competitor, and those who had at one time been his most bitter antagonists had been won to be warm friends, or acquiescent opponents, who had no ill for him. In the zenith of his fame and height of his usefulness he has been stricken down. We can not understand why these things are so; we can not lift the veil to find out why such a man should be taken and so many thousands less useful and less worthy should remain. We can not realize why the cords of love and devotion which bound him to life should have been snapped so ruthlessly.

The journey of life is full of these mysteries. We come into the world unbidden, or rather without having been consulted; we are hurried hence, often without warning and suddenly, without any power of resistance. We come and go like shadows and we know not why these things are so. Life is a

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battle from beginning to end, and the grave is the only place of rest. We are all hastening to it, and many are unconsciously very, very near its brink.

It is philosophical to think about death calmly, but the law of life makes us shun and dread it and put off to the very last the thought of the time when we shall bid adieu to this active scene. By common consent, all men, both ancient and modern, civilized and uncivilized, heathens and savages, have refused to accept death as an "unending sleep." The idea of annihilation is so abhorrent that the human soul recoils with terror from such an ending. Tennyson has most beautifully expressed the feeling of mingled fear and hope pulsating in our hearts when he says:

O yet we trust that somehow good
  Will be the final goal of ill,
  To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
  That not one life shall be destroyed,
  Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
  That not a moth with vain desire
  Is shriveled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold we know not anything;
  I can but trust that good shall fall
  At last—far off—at last to all,
And every winter change to spring.

* * * * *

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
  Whom we that have not seen Thy face,
  By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we can not prove;

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
  Thou madest man he knows not why;
  He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him: Thou art just.

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In that blessed reunion to which every human soul looks, in the bright hereafter, "When the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," may our friend and his loved ones left here be reunited; and may we all so live that when we come to die we shall have as few sins to answer for as the man in whose memory we speak to-day. His was indeed a noble and pure life, and in all my dealings with men I have never known one who more deserved to have it said of him—

> And thus he bore without abuse
> The grand old name of "gentleman."

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ADDRESS OF MR. MCLAURIN, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Death is always an unwelcome visitor and generally surprises us in the midst of the duties and schemes which are engrossing our lives. A noble and useful life is often ended in the heyday of its success and prosperity. It is well that it is so, for if we were permitted to control our mortal destiny we could never conveniently fix a time when we would travel to that "bourn from whence no traveler returns."

It is passing strange that we have the courage, energy, and persistency to pursue so hopefully the aims of this life, when we are so constantly reminded that at any moment the "silver cord may be loosed and the golden bowl broken."

The inspiration of hope obscures the shadow of the grave and impels us forward upon our earthly careers. Without this, "death on the pale horse" would at every moment cross our pathway and overwhelm us with gloom.

But with all of our fears of death there is mixed a fixed belief in the immortality of the soul, and that after the struggles and cares of this life there is "rest for the weary." Revealed religion teaches us that death is but the exit from this life into an everlasting heaven of unalloyed happiness. By its clear light alone can we see that man's mission in this world is to build and progress, to lift himself from a high to a higher plane of existence, and to constantly take into his soul and life more of that justice and charity which are to be his divine estate in the great beyond. Some day this great battle that has raged in the breast of each, between our brute natures and our immortal souls, will be over, and our discordant natures brought into harmony with the Spirit that controls all things in this great

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universe, and then, if we have made a good fight, the immortal spirit rises triumphant over mortal flesh, and, looking toward heaven, finds the burden easy and the upward pathway filled with light.

The death of Dr. J. WILLIAM STOKES, the Christian gentleman, the useful citizen, and faithful Congressman, in the meridian of his life work and the midst of his public duties, makes us all feel that he lived as he should have lived, and that his translation from this life of care and sorrow was to one of rest and happiness in the unending future.

Dr. STOKES was the idol of the agricultural classes in South Carolina. They loved him; they trusted him; they honored him, and they now revere his memory. He came from their ranks and rose to high position in the State, and by their unswerving confidence and influence was transferred from the arena of State to the wider sphere of national politics. In every position in which he was placed he was true to his people and to the principles of which he was a living exponent.

When the Alliance movement materialized into a compact and influential organization he was one of the leaders in South Carolina, and by his aggressiveness and fidelity to its principles contributed largely toward making it the controlling factor in State politics. He was placed at the head of the State organization, and under his leadership it became a great educator of the masses, inspiring a spirit of independence of thought and action which to some extent at least destroyed party tyranny and gave, in a measure, political freedom to the people.

The Alliance movement may have given rise to many "isms" in the politics of this country, and it has been derided as demagogery of the vilest type, but it is an undeniable fact that in the South it awakened the slumbering masses and gave to them freedom from party shackles, and created a wider

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interest in national affairs. In South Carolina it removed barriers which had existed for years between classes, broke down the traditions of a century, and delivered the people from the oligarchical rule which had controlled the material and political destiny of the State from the close of the Revolutionary war.

It was a part of the new era of progress in directing attention to needed reforms, and to the importance of developing the material resources of the State. Dr. STOKES, in the beginning, was one of the guiding spirits in this popular uprising, and well may he have felt that his life's work had left its enduring impress upon the fortunes of his native State. As a public man, Dr. STOKES was pure, modest, and faithful to his creed of principles. He was candid and open in all he did, as firm as adamant in his convictions, and full of an unselfish patriotism.

His straightforward and manly course commended him to public confidence, and made him hosts of friends who continued him in Congress for several terms.

As a Representative, he was content to be a working rather than a speaking member. In committee and departmental work he was industrious and faithful. No request from a constituent was ever neglected nor his interest allowed to suffer if Dr. STOKES could prevent it. His most conspicuous work in Congress was in connection with the establishment of rural mail service. His whole soul and energies were in this work, because he felt that this would be to the masses another step in the great educational work commenced by him as president of the State Alliance. The record of Dr. STOKES in Congress will always stand as a testimonial to his faithfulness as a Representative not only to his own constituency, but to the country people everywhere.

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As a private citizen, Dr. STOKES was generous and loyal, ever ready to make sacrifices for the comfort and happiness of others. In whatever position he was placed he never failed to follow his convictions as to right and duty. He was a gentleman in the highest sense of the term, honorable, cultivated, and refined; all of his instincts were high, and elevating to those who came into contact with him.

His people mourn his loss and will ever keep in remembrance the shining virtues and unselfish life which made J. WILLIAM STOKES a truly good man, a useful citizen and Representative.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions submitted by the Senator from South Carolina [Mr. Tillman].

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and (at 4 o'clock and 25 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until Monday, June 16, 1902, at 11 o'clock a. m.

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